

1

1

THE

Religious-Rebell,

OR THE

Pilgrim-Prince.

A

TRAGEDY.



Madam Mordaunt, a great Court Lady:

Printed, Anno Dom. 1671.

Dramatis Personæ.

Henry the Fourth Emperour of Germany.

Henry V. } **His Sons.**

Conrade

Magnus

Rodolphus

Frederick

Otho.

} **Saxon Nobles.**

Hildebrand Pope Gregory the Seventh.

Victor A Cardinal.

Prudentio

Honorio

Junio.

} **Nobles of Italie.**

Brazutus , An Emperick.

Jocoso his Man.

Cardinals.

Fryers.

Monks.

A mixt company.

Messengers.

Souldiers.

Officers.

Women.

Sophrona, The Empresse.

Aurelia, Her Daughter.

Sylvia , Her Maid of Honour.

Madam Matilda, a great Court Lady:

Ladies,

The Scene, Germany,

Act. I. Scen. I.

Enter *Hildebrand* and *Brazutus*.
Hil. **M** As ! thou hast got a luckie hand *Brazutus*,
 The *Septicollis* now of *Rome* is levell'd,
 My way made even to *St. Peters* chair,
 The *Popedome* minz !

Bra. God blefs your Holinefs !
 Never had men quicker dispatch to Heaven,
 (I Judge Sir) that those seven your predecessors,
 Thanks to my luckey starres, and pills ! (then which
 There can be nothing more Infallible)
 (Your Holinefs excepted)

Hil. Here's my hand.

Bra. Your Toe, good Sir, your Toe's too great a honour.

Hil. Murder as many as thou canst, *Brazutus*,
 (Husband it likewise to thy best advantage,
 I know mens Deaths must be thy Livelyhood)
 You freely have my Dispensation for it.

Bra. All thanks, Sir,
 My study shall be to deserve it.

Hil. Harke.

They come, I must retire.

a shout within.

Enter *Cardinal Victor*, with a Mitre,
 other *Cardinals*, *Monks Fryers*,
 with a mixt company.

Car. God save the Pope !

All. *Peter* th' Apostle chooseth *Hildebrand* !

Exeunt,

Enter to *Brazutus*, *Jocoso*.

manet Brazutus.

Jo. Master ! the Kettle-drumms past by just now.

Bra. Peace foole, those were religious men, call'd *Fryers*.

Joc. Men ! shave they for the scabb ? or were half poyson'd ?

Pox on the bungler ! could his feeble dosse,
 But fetch the hair off ?

Bra. No Jests now, *Jocoso*,

Exit Jocoso.

Hasten home, I am with you straight ; but first
 Will fetch my Patent, to prepare for travel :
 I cannot think it safe, abiding here,

So near the Pope, should once his Magick prompt
 Him to beleive, some liberal bribe might tempt
 Me to ridd him hence (by one slight or other)
 (To make all sure) he'd send me packing first.
 For all his fair pretences I confess,
 I dare not too much trust his Holyness.

Act. 1. Scen. 2.

Enter *Honorio*, *Prudentio*, to them *Junio*.

Ho. How can the Emperor take this *Prudentio*?

Prn. Pride and Ambition ruins all the world.
 Truth, Sir, I fear 'will breed bad blood, if not
 Timely made up; He's a Prince wise and valiant,
 And won't be baulk'd thus of his ancient right.

Ho. *Hildebrand* reckons all the Roman Empire,
 May I not say the the whole fourth Monarchie?
 For *Peter's* Patrimony, falling now,
 To him, whereof he will be sole, supream;
 Making the Scepter level to his Mitre.

Prn. Must none arrive to heaven without his leave,
 Nor yet possess the earth in any quiet?
 Would he be Metropolitane of both?
 I must confess, to men in Sacred Orders,
 We owe all love, awful respect and honour;
 Yet there are two extremes do ill become
 Their cloth *Honorio*, Pride and Poverty:
 I'de neither have them swell, nor starve to death.

Ho. Here comes mad *Junio*. Enter *Junio*.

Prn. God save you, Sir!

Jun. Yours *Prudentio*, *Honorio* I am yours!

Ho. *Junio*, sweet *Junio*! prethee lad, what news?

Jun. Faith, that which makes me laugh, Sir, The new Pope
 (Talking against Massing Preists Wives already)
 Hath wrought the prettiest different effect:
 Some storme, and some are glad on't: The one swears
 (Should he nere use bead more) he'l never quit
 His pretty Betty for an Ave Marie.

Th' other complains, Nets Lectures spoil his Sermons.

Prn. Mad *Junio* still. *Jun.* Troth, I am serious, Sir,

Ho.

Ho. Prethee speak. *Jnn.* I am, and can tell you further,
Th' Arch-bishops Grace of *Mentz*, the other day,
Pressing this Order, from his Holiness,
Narrowly scap'd his life.

Ho. What project's this?
I warrant you *Prudentio*, Some cunning
Citizen-Miser (to preserve his purse)
(Fearing least his Impropriated Preist
Might Marry, and so leave a parish charge)
Hath put it in his head.

Prn. With this perswasion.
Most Benefic'd men dying Bachelours,
Would make him Heir, and so enrich his See.

Jnn. I had almost forgot to tell you too:
Those who contrive the thriftiest way to live,
Think Wives, will be as cheap as Concubines.
Cardinal *Cremenfis* the other day,
(Arguing fiercely 'ganst Priests-Matrimonie)
Was catcht that night bedding a common strumpet.

Prn. I fear this design will but promote
Lusts more, and secret Murders to conceal 'um.
Restraint oft creates those unruly passions,
Which Freedom, slights.

Jnn. But Gentlemen! before
We part let's clasp one pint of Wine together,
I'll give you that shall be most excellent.

Prn. All thanks kind *Jnnio.* *Ho.* We'll accept your proffer.

Jnn. With all my heart; now I could hugg you dearly.
Let times go how they will, the Grape-juyce merits
My praises still, for that preserves my spirits.

Prn. Poetical!

Jnn. Whether or no, you know it:
The very thoughts of Sack will make a Poet.

Ho. Ha. ha. ha. *Exeunt.*

Act. 1. Scen. 3.

Enter Emperour, Henry, Conrade, Attendants.
to them *Otho.*

Emp. It can't be born! Princes are things too holy
For Popes to soole: Hath kind fate blest me with

Such

Such conquest o're the *Saxons*, and will this
 Religious Rebel, now spoyl all at home ?
 To make a Pope without me, is all one
 As to unmake me.

Henry. Sir, I thought that past
 The reach of mortals, dare they snarch that Crown off,
 Which none, but a Divine hand setled on you ?

Cff!

Con. They had as good seek to unravel Heaven,
 And fetch the Diety thence.

Emp. My Sons talk,
 As if descended, from Imperial Loines ;
 But what wont human Impudence attempt,
 Spurr'd with ambition ?

Enter *Otho*.

What meanes this haste ?

Otho. *Hildebrand's* Nuntio, is arriv'd, Sir, And ——

Emp. And what, Sends for my Scepter doth he not ?
 May I nere more ask pardon of my sins !
 If this steel doth not make him cry me mercy.

Otho. And so he doth, Sir, may it please your Highness!

Emp. He shall know that there was a *Cesar* long
 Before *St. Peter*, or his Successor
 Were ever thoughts on. *Otho.* May it please your Highness!

Emp. The Election of the Pope from *Constantine*
 Descended to Me, *Otho*, Reckon that.

Otho. 'Tis now Seven Hundred years ago, and upwards.

Emp. Nor shall this Rome-Lurper stand a day,
 Can I but once reach Italie.

Otho. Please you ——

Sir, Hear me, *Hildebrand* is sorry. — *Emp.* How ?

Hen. For that he cannot, Sir, play *Prefter John*,
 Be Prince and Prelate too.

Emp. Grant he were so,
 Could it be thought these twins of government,
 Might ever wrangle in the self-same breast
 For the Supremacy ; It would be found,
 (I lay my life on't) that *St. Peters* Chair
 Must owe it self upheld by *Casars* Throne.

Otho. Sir, ——

Con. No Bull like the roaring Cannon, No

Anathama

Anathama like a good Sword and Pistol.

Otho. I see I am still disturb'd. *Emp.* Go on, *Otho.*

Otho. For ought we hear, Sir, *Hildebrand* is sorry,
The lawless rout of common people should
Cry him up Pope : which Title he protests
He ne're will own, Sir, without your Election.

Hen. I hate this flattering. *Con.* It takes too much.

Otho. Till when he hath refus'd Inauguration.

Emp. Now thou saist somewhat.

Otho. For this very purpose,
Comes th' Embassie.

Emp. This is some satisfaction.

Recieve 'um, we will give 'um some Audience.

Exit Otho.

Hen. Were it not fit *Hildebrand* should have made
Most Royal, Sir, a Personal submission ?

Con. Proxy humilitie seems but presumption.

Emp. I see Youth's rash and inconsiderate,
It was the giddie factious multitude,
Not he (my Boyes) intruded on my right.

Hen. Con. Sir, we submit.

Emp. Haste then without delay,

To grace the Entertainment. *Both.* We obey.

Exeunt.

Act 1, Scen. 4.

Enter *Rodolphus, Magnus, Frederick* in Prison.

Fred. And is the Emperours promise come to this ?
Is this his Liberty ?

Mag. A Princes word
I took to be, as true as Heaven it self.

Ro. For this I'll n'ere believe a Conquest more,
But what shall meet me over eares in bloud.

Mag. 'Twas not we feared death as to be thought
Foolishly lavish of our lives : to fight
For that liberty, we might have with peace.

Ro. Would we had dyed before we yeilded.

Fred. Hark ! They sing and dring within.

A Song.

(6)
A Song. *How now? Long shall I endure?*

*Here's to that Noble Soul,
Drowns his sins in a Bowl;
And cares not a fig for the Pope.
Here's to him a full Glass,
That counts him an Ass,
Who will flinch at the sight of the Rope.*

All within. Ho Boyes!

First. A merry life and a short. 2. About with it.

3. Where lyes the fault? 1. Roger 'tis your liquor.

Ro. O plague, I drank the very last but one,
Ralph wants it.

Fred. O Brave Roarers! They know no other prayers.

These are their Mattins, and their Evening Songs.

Ro. Is there such mirth in death?

Mag. Or are they rather
Glad that the friendly Halter shortly will
Free them from Gail, which I count worse then death.
What man that hath that Noble thing call'd Soul
But hates confinement? This whole world would be
Too narrow for him, were he alwaies tied to't.

Fred. But these poor souls are hardned in their Irons.

Ro. I was in hopes that breach like to have bin
Betwixt the Emperour and the Pope of late;
Would have made our way out.

Ro. Could not our old friend (*Otho* having got
Into such favour) do us here a kindness?

Mag. We are but here kept like *West-Indian* captives,
To be devoured at some solemn meeting,
With Mirth and Jollitie; endure't who list.
Let our wits work our freedom!

Ro. Fred. We'll all assist.
ACT. I. Scen. 5. *Exeunt.*

Enter *Aurelia*, *Silvia*, to them *Sophrona*, *Matilda*,
Attendants.

An. May not one guesse affection by a glance?

Syl. Madam!

An. 'Twas but one look, and that look did it.
Those lights like *Archimedes* burning-glasse

Set

Set me on Fire at that distance from him.

Syl. Your meaning, Madam.

Anr. *Sylvia*, thou art dull,
I see, for hadst thou any sence at all,
How couldst thou choose but feel the self-same heat?

Syl. Explain your self, pray Madam.

Anr. Then I will.

I'me conquer'd by my Fathers Captive. *Syl.* Which?

Anr. Now I could chide thee for a silly Girl:

Dost ask me which? *Syl.* *Otho's* fair, *Frederick* smiling.

Anr. I see my error. Love is such a madness;
What we love, we'd have all love; and yet can't
Endure a Rival: Didst not mind him *Sylvia*
With the Majestick countenance? My love
Is not Effeminate, although a Womans.

Syl. Bold *Magnus*! *Anr.* *Magnus*! *Syl.* In your cheeks I read it,
That blush betraies you; He is-----

Anr. Hush the Empress.

Enter *Empress*, *Matilda*, Attendants.

Soph. *Aurelia*! Why were you wanting at
The sport but now? *Anr.* Madam I was just comming.

Mat. 'Twas excellent, I love to see men alive.

Soph. They're gon to visit now the *Saxon* Captives,
Nothing that's tending to your Fathers glory,
Must be concealed from these noble strangers.

Anr. Must *Magnus* make them sport? *Syl.* Pray Madam!

Soph. What saith *Aurelia*? What's that *Sylvia*? *weeps*
aside.

Syl. She's sorry, Madam, she should loose the sport.

Soph. I thought 'twould trouble her, there's more behind,

Mat. But Madam, shall we never visit *Rome*?

Sop. We may perchance, *Matilda*, danger it
Now there is made this happy reconciliation.

Mat. I long to see his Holyness, methinks
I fancy most those by Religion ty'd

From lust and wedlock; am (you must concieve)
A chaste Platonick Lover.

Anr. What is that?
To Love, to love, and not to enjoy?

Mat. Fruition
Doth but allay those hightned flames, which are
The very life of love.

B

Anr.

Aur. I am but raw,
(Yet give me leave) you seem, as if *Matilda*
You own'd no Paradise to scorching *Ætna*.
Platonick loves, (like Purgatorian fires)
Doe but prepare us for a perfect blisse,
And make us worthy of a free possession.

Soph. *Aurelia*, have a care my Girl, I fear
By your Romantick tongue, you may be smitten.

Aur. If my discourse offend (my Royal Mother)
May I be ever silent rather then
Provoke your hand. *Mat.* You do mistake the Empress.

Soph. No matter, keep her still in Ignorance.

Mat. Ours is but talk, Madam, you'l pardon it.

Soph. It is Ingenious, I gladly could
Hear more on't : but I dare believe by this
They are return'd. 'Tis high time to be gon,
We must be all there : This night puts an end
To the Solemnity. *All.* We shall attend.

Finis Act. Primi.

ACT. II. Scen. I.

Enter *Pope*, *Card. Victor*, other *Cardinals*, Attendants.
The *Pope* ascends his Chair.

Vit. God save *Pope Gregory* the Seventh ! *All.* Long live !

1. *Card.* *Cesar* confirms it !

Pope. Who's that mentions *Cesar* ?

For Policie I did complie a while,

It was but to procure the surer ground,

To give the Emperour the stronger blow.

Must *Peter* stoop to *Cesar* ?

2. *Card.* That rests fully,

Sir, in your Holiness to remedy.

Po. My Keys already lock and unlock Heaven,

And if they wont fit, I will add a ward

Wherewith they shall serve Earthly Kingdoms,

To make and unmake Princes at my pleasure.

Vit. Nobly Resolv'd, *Sir*, This will grace your See,

With the more awe and splendour. 2. *Car.* And restore

Rome to its former fame, that it shall be

Once more the worlds renown'd Metropolis.

1. *Card.*

1. *Card.* Henry's accus'd-----

Pope. I may as well ask him
Forgivness of my sins, as to be Pope.

1. *Card.* He needeth pardon, Sir, or punishment,
Who is so loudly tax'd for a truce-breaker.

2. *Card.* The Saxons gladly would help to depose him.

1. *Card.* A Tyrant. *Viz.* Cruel, Symoniacal,
A buisie Bodger of Church-livings, Sir.

Pope. I hear enough : makes him incapable,
Both of Heavens mercy, and of mans protection.
Let him be Excommunicated ! lesse
Cannot be done to him, doth so transgresse.

Rises up.

Act. 2. Scen. 2.

Enter *Braximus* to him *Jocoso*.

Bra. All things succeed as well as heart could wish.

Enter *Jocoso* telling Money,

Joc. So, this is somewhat towards my Journey now.

Bra. What hast thou there *Jocoso* ? *Joc.* Nothing Sir,
But a peice for killing an good old woman,
That did so lave the house still with her nose
As she swept it. *Bra.* Didst it accurately.

Joc. To a hair, Sir, no Juggler ever playd
Legerdemaine neater, then I shook that same
Into her Hallow tooth. *Bra.* And is she dead ?

Joc. Dead, and at heaven I hope. Her son was mad
For haste to bury her the *Rushian* fashion,
With Hose and Shoes, she was so troublesome
To the chymney-corner (he said) and liv'd
So unmercifully, to keep that little
She had from him. *Bra.* 'Twas he then gave the peice.

Joc. It was, and to say truth, I well deserv'd it.
It did so plague me Sir, to hatch a cry,
And pray an hours nonsense by the clock.
I must not touch her, if I touch'd abook.

Bra. I warrant 'twas one of those good women
That us'd to fetch an ill contrived sigh
At Church, in the wrong place ; (not hearing well)

Joc. She was, all said, hugely well given Sir,

B 2

Bra.

Bra. And so art thou, nay if thou canst *Jacoso*
Fanatick-like, murder with prayers and teares,
N'ere fear a livelyhood *Joc.* and when thy works done,
My Fee will make me a Thanks-giving day.

Bra. All such odd jobs I give thee. *Joc.* I thank you Sir.

Bra. Come hasten, fetch our things, we must be gon.

Bra. Now the Popes Licence without peradventure
Will be excepted from the Emperour

Exit Joc.

To gain me leave, (since they are both agreed)

To practise near his Court: My man may play

At lower stakes, and kill men for a trifle:

But where I venture Soul, Life and Estate,

It shall, believe me, cost a saucie rate.

Exit.

ACT 2. Scen. 3.

Enter Prudentio, Honorio, Junio.

Jun. What! we are likely to be all to peices
Agen, *Honorio*, with the Emperour.

Ho. So the newes goes, and the Popes Arrogance
Hath rais'd a civil warre amongst the Clergy.

Jun. I am resolv'd I'll be of no religion
Till all agree.

Prn. I must confess these failings
Shew they'r but men, but what they'd have us learn,
Is of an higher and diviner nature,
In that themselves so hardly practise it.

Ho. I cannot blame the German Bishops
To stand for their custome and prerogative.
Is therè no Patriarchal seat but Rome?

Jun. I'm apt to think they shortly will determine
No Baptiz'd Infant, shall be call'd a Christian
Except his Name be *Peter*.

Ho. Can there be
Nothing decreed without the Pope *Prudentio*?
Ought he, and only he, command a Council,
How, where, and when, he please?

Prn. This is in Truth,
Novel Encroachment, and he's like to smart for't,
Should the Prelates now joyn with th' Emperour.

Jun. Would they were at it once. *Ho.* Will you engage?

Jun.

Jun. There's nothing better, Boy, then Wars or Women,
To tame this Fact, and I abhor a Mistress.

Ho. The better Warriour.

Jun. Those desperate Dam-hims
Who for a while may force the face of Valour.
To stand a prick or two in vindicating
Their Ladyes naughty title to her Honour,
(To gain some Commendation, or a kindness)
Can never serve their Country worth a rush.

Prn. Why now I like you : Gentlemen, your Hands,
You'll side with me. *Both.* May we else never speed :

Prn. Resolve then for the Imperour. *Both.* Agreed.

Exeunt.

Act. 2. Scen. 4.

Enter *Magnus* to him *Otho*, *Fraderick*,

Mag. Can her soft nature sport with th' afflicted ?
I'll never think it, this were to blaspheme
Thy love *Aurelia* ! She comes. ———

Enter *Aurelia*, *Sylvia*

Aur. I'll try him, *Sylvia*. *Syl.* 'Tis prudence !
Magnus ! I bring enlargemen and delight to be
The early messenger of welcome newes.

aside.

Mag. All thanks kind Princess : Madam you are noble :
Your Presence is a freedome. *Aur.* Yours a Prison.

Mag. I see I was but mockt ; What Scenes are these ?
Such Calmes and Tempests in the self-same breath !
Am I offensive ? *Syl.* You have mov'd him Madam.

aside.

Aur. Yes, and Love-Sympathy now makes me suffer
A double torture, *Magnus* ! I must ———

Mag. Here is a Weapon, if you must dispatch me.

Draws

Aur. He still misapprehends me *Sylvia*,
And how undauntedly he talks of death !

& gives

Dear *Magnus* ! sheath, the Prison that I talk of
Was nothing else but loves ensnarement.

her his

Sword.

aside to Silvia,

Mag. Now,

gives him his Sword.

You surfeit me with joy, tell't by peice-meales.

Aur. My Fathers purpose is to set you free.

Magnus I owe it you. *Syl.* Heaven blest these meeting flames.

Aur. Some German Princes lately proving Rebels,
Joyn with the Saxons now agen in Armes.

376

Syl. You Noble *Magnus* must be one of us.

Ans. Swear Loyaltie t' assist the Emperour.

Thy Valour's know.

Mag. If I must take this oath,
I'll go and bid the *Saxons*, fight and help 'um;
And then return and willingly submit
To that just death my perjury deserves.

I'll prove as false to you, as to my Country.

Exit.

Syl. Sir you'r unhandsome to your Princess.

Ans. Peace.

Sylvia, what was't he said? He'd prove as false

To me as to his Country, was't not so?

This is no slighting but doth argue rather

That strong and holy zeal he hath for both.

I like him better for this Resolution,

His Constancy to me and that together:

Must find a way He may be false to neither.

Exeunt.

Act. 2. Scen. 5.

Enter *Emperour*, *Sophrona*, *Matilda*, *Henry*,
Comrade, *Otho*. Attendants.

Emp. Were't not for these Apostatizing *Germans*
The Pope should feel by sad Experience,
No curse so heavy, as a Princes anger.

Otho. These Rebels must be look'd to timely Sir,

Emp. I first must make my peace with Rome; or else
His Holyness will have in every Corner,
Blind zealots, that will strive by murdering me
To merit Heaven: *Soph.* Can man be thought so stupid?

Mat. O Madam! Ignorance leads to all mischief.
This makes some bid good marrow to a Snail,
Or Serpent, and Adore 'um for that day;
The Vulgar learn Rebellion still without book,
Which the Pope shuts and bids 'um read their Lessons
In his commands, which needs must be (he saith)
Alwaies Infallible.

Emp. I see *Matilda*,
Thou art Ingenious, and talkest handsomly.
(Together with the *Empress*) I have thought on
Employment for you. *Sop.* May we serve you Sir.

Mat. Thus lo v I beg this Honour,

kneels.

Emp.

Emp. Rise, 'tis granted.
Hast courage thinkst, to face his Holyness?

Sop. Thou'rt like now to enjoy thy wish *Marilda*.

Emp. You see, my Boyes, Princes are sometimes made
The Tennis-balls of Fortune, to be bandy'd

At her unconstant pleasure; now full fraught
With good success, soon after wrackt with crosses.

Hen. Sir! we are rash and inconsiderate.

Con. He first usurp'd the Mitre, then ask'd leave.

Emp. My Children blame me *Otho*, that I did not
Tread upon *Hildebrands* submissive neck.

Otho. You were more Noble, Sir, and Merciful,
Who could have thought on such Hypocrisy?

Emp. We must not now spend all our time in talk,
Aurelia is to tender for this Journey.

Henry, and *Comrade*, you'r inclin'd to travel.

Hen. We must Sir, if it be your Royal pleasure.

Emp. *Sophrona*, you, and you, *Marilda* shall
Receive your charge anon. *Both.* With diligence.

Emp. *Otho*, to you we shall commend the care
Of our affairs at Home. *Otho.* I shall be faithful.

Emp. The Sun sometimes is darkned with Eccipses;
And the most fixed Stars do seem to twinkle;

So must my splendour for a while be clouded;

And I! The *Pilgrim-Prince*, now plainly shew,
Monarchs, like Tides, do Ebb, as well as Flow.

Finis Act. Secundi.

Act. 3. Scen. 1,

Enter *Aurelia*, *Sylvia*, to them *Otho*, *Magnus*,
Frederick, *Rodolphus*.

Aur. The powers above must needs approve our love,
Their secret wisdoms doth so prosper it.

How Melancholy would the Court be now?

Were it not for, you know my meaning *Sylvia*.

Syl. Madam, for some divertisement, let's go
To see the Mask acted to day.

Aur. Agreed.

And let us go disguis'd without Attendants.

Enter *Otho*, *Magnus*, *Frederick*, *Rodolphus*.

Otho. *Aurelia* you are Queen we'll only act

At

At your command, now in your Fathers absence.

Anr. You'r Gen'rous. Then my first endeavour's for
Some worthy Honour on your Countrey mention
(For your sake *Otho*) what shall *Magnus* be?

Mag. Thanks to our Noble Viceroy, I enjoy,
A Happiness ample enough in my
Freedome from Prison, and that Oath I hated.
But cheisly, Madam, in your government.

Otho. This is handsome, I fear I come to late. *aside*

Rod. What shall be *Magnus*? Nothing for *Rodolphus*. *aside*

Fred. Nor *Frederick*. *aside*

Rod. We'll make our selves, when once
We come i'th' field, good *Otho*, give us quickly
Some Martial Office or our Swords will rust.

Otho. We'll meet to night (if it may please the Princess's)
In Council, where we all may know our charge.

Anr. You may Command it Sir. *All.* We shall attend.

Syl. Madam you are forgetful. *ex. Fred. Mag.*

Anr. Now we'll go. *Rod.*

Most Noble Viceroy I must crave your leave
This afternoon to take some private repast.

Otho. Madam, you degrade your self to ask it.

An. I in my Fathers absence owe you dutie.

Otho. Might I entreat your Love it were an Honour.

Anr. You cannot choose but have it in obedience.

Otho. Adeiu sweet Princess. *Boib.* Yours

Otho. Farewell *Sylvia.* *Exeunt Anr.*

I am resolv'd *Harrie* shall ne're come here,
Nor his two Sons; yet we usurers love
To guild our Titles with some shew of right.
There is but one lett and I'll straight remove it.
Aurelia could I once make thee my own,
I were for ever stablish'd in my Throne.

Act, 3. Scen, 2.

Enter *Brazennus* and *Jocoso*, there appears
an *Apothecaries* shop.

Bra. Dull times *Jocoso*.

Joc. They can never hold.

Bra. Why Prethee.

Joc.

Joc. I Faith if they do Master,
I must like the *Peruvian Cannibals*,
Feast it with mans flesh, and it must be mine own.
Cut Collops here, Sir, and be merry with 'um
They'l ast as long as I, and ther's an end.

Bra. Thou talkst too frolick, to be starv'd *Jocoso*.
I am already got into their fashion,
Who make their meals either with Meat, or Drink,
Not both together, our trade won't maintain it.

Bra. My takings are but small, the warts spoil all.

Joc. Pox on it, Men are grown both hard, and holy;
I would now murder, half as cheap agen
As I did formerly, to gain some custome.

Bra. My takings too lye all in Preservations,
Were it not for the *French*——

Joc. I have observ'd
That is the prettiest strang distemper Master,
It like a cunning Gamester hath its fals pass,
Makes at the lower parts, and bits the Nose.

Bra. And then there's fine work that will pay us well.
T' erect a new bridg, or uphold the old one.
Here comes a Customer.

Enter *Otho*.

Joc. What want you Sir?

Otho. Dwells here *Braznutu*?

Joc. There's my Master Sir.

Otho. A word or two in private.

They whisper.

Bra. I shall Sir.

Joc. O pox! I warrant he's pepper'd by's stradling.

Enter *Aurelia*, *Sylvia*, Disguised.

Aur. Are we not somewhat of the latest *Sylvia*?

Syl. Madam, they say it don't begin till four.

Aur. Let us make haste.

Joc. What want you Ladies, pray?

They pass by

Here dweleth that Renowned *Don Braznutu*,
That most famous *Italian* Physitian.

Aur. Heaven bleis me, is not *Otho* yonder whispering?

Syl. The very same, what makes he here so private?

Aur. I strang! pass on, he cannot know us *Sylvia*.

Ex. Aur.

Joc. Those two past by, were pretty Girles I sware

& Sylvia.

If those Faces I saw were all their own,
 But if they were, they are not for our purpose.
 We cannot live, but by good Gentlewomen,
 That undress Nature, as they dress to bed.
 At night throw off their Perewigs, and their Noses.
 Pull out their Teeth, and lay aside their Eies.

Bra. I warrant Sir.

*Jocoso orders his things
 in his sleep.*

Otho. There is on other way
 But this to gain *Aurelia*, and prepare
 A free and valid passage to my suit.
 Her carriage I confess seems plausible,
 Yet it is nothing but Dissimulation.

aside

Did not I see which way her amorous eye went,
 And how 'twas only fix'd on him? *Braznum*,
 Be quick and private. *Bra.* As your own breast Sir.
 I am beholding to my good old Master.

Ex-Otho,

The Pope hath taught me here a blessed Lesson.
 Now Mental Reservation, saves my neck,
 And no way hurts my Purse, I'll be out with all:
 Should she love *Magnus*, as I am perswaded,
Aurelia's pay will excel that of *Otho's*.

Jocoso, Let's go in I'll give thee, Boy,
 One point of Wine, to cheer thee, these sad times.

Jos. My Master hath a peice, I warrant you.
 He is so free, this look'd like a good chapman,
 A curse upon this Primogeniture!

Ex. Braznum.

But a few minutes create all this trouble;
 My Elder Brother carries all the Land,
 And I may feed on Gallipots, and glasses.
 Before I'll starve thus like a silly Elfe,
 I am a Knave, if I don't Hang my self

Exit.

ACT. 3. Scen. 3.

Enter *Honorio*, *Prudentio*, *Junio*.

Jun. The Emperour's arriv'd.

Ho. Fully Incens'd I guess
 Against the Pope. *Jun.* We'll tame this mad usurper.

Prn. I wish, *Honorio*, this Religious Rebel,
 Were well chastis'd.

Jun. If his Revenge be dull,
 We'll whet his sword, Sir, with our active spirits.

Prn.

Prn. First, we must understand the Princes mind,
Before we be to forward, *Junio.*
Only we'll give him leave to pick our meaning,
And our designs, out of our costly banquets,
And bounteous Entertainments.

Ho. He shall read
These civil discords in the neat-wrought Sweet meats.

Jun. I am not for these womans toys, but if
The Wine be good, I'll carouse wholecones to Him,
And Fancy the Pope merrily tumbling down.

Ho. Ha, ha, ha.

Prn. This is a sharp and bitter season for 'um.

Ho. I hear the Empress comes, and her two Sons
With a most Noble Train of handsome Ladies.

Jun. They do not come, I hope, to fight with these.
If any thing doth make me run away,

'Twill be a womans shreicks,

Ho. Ill, and harsh sounds !

But you can't hear 'um, for the Drums and Trumpets.

Prn. They will secure these in the *Littadel.*

Ho. Poor souls ! It can't but be hard servise to 'um.
They never saw such weather in their Chambers,
Which they do alwaies keep this winter quarters.

They know no Snow, but what their Wash-ball makes,

Nor Ice, but curious artificial Jellies :

Bold *Boreas* will disturb this Lock, that Curle,

So put them to't.

Jun. Shame on their tendernefs !

If I marry it shall de some *Amazon*,
Can fight with one hand, and give suck with t'other.

Prn. For all your merry talking, Gentlemen,
Let's not be tardy to salute the Prince.

Ho. True, they deserve our early loves. No age,
Can Parrallel, this *Royal Pilgrimage.*

Exeunt.

Act. 3. Scen. 4.

Enter *Pope, Viceroy, Cardinals, Attendants.*

Pope. I'll be as frigid to him as the *Alpes*,
And the deep winter, now they travel in.

Vic. Make him your Slave, Dread Sir, to hold your Stirrop :
Give him a good cuff if he don't do't right.

1 *Card.* Tread on him Sir, when you get up your Hoife.

Pope. I now can make him any thing or nothing.
Having him in a treble twist, I hear,
The German Bishops back my censure, and
Their Princes wont comply, without my pardon.

Enter Second Cardinal.

Card. Sir The Embassy's come.

Pope. Admit them quickly,
Their Sex commands civil Respect, from all.

Enter Sophia, Matilda, Ladies.

Soph. Thus low we begg your Honour.

*Sop. & Mat. kneel
& kiss his Toe.*

Pope. Your Buisness.

Soph. Your Emperour layes his Scepter at your feet,

Po. I s't come to this? It was but lately, I
Must ask Him leave to put my Mitre on.

Mat. Sir, we appeal to you, as unto Heaven,
For Clemency, abstract from all revenge,
Or any thought on't.

Po. True. Yet sinners must
Know by our frowns wherein they have offended.

Soph. This he doth well, Sir, and is humbled for it.

Mat. If there be merit (next your Holynes)
What can be Higher then a Princes Fasting?

Soph. Three daies already, all disrob'd, and bare-foot.

Mat. We have passed through the Island Purgatory,
In our cold progress; nor grudge we this penance,
T'arrive at Bliss, wee mean, your Holynes;
Where 'twere not Venial now, to doubt of Mercy,
For which I cannot but adore your presence.

Po. She cannot be deny'd, this Ladies converse
Becomes a Patriarch, 'tis so sublime:

Let's go conferre about this buisness.

Vill. Gladly.

Po. Madam, for your sakes I will think upon
Some termes of Pardon, (may they be accepted)
You shall anon receive 'um privately.

So. Mat. You Crown our wishes.

So. I'll run with this newes.

*Ex. Po. Car. Attend.
Exit Soph.*

Mat. Privately! Let me see! a well-thought Lady,
Must act a subtle niceness, to keep up
Her reputation, whatsoere she prove.

Were

Were He another man, this might create
An ill conception of me: but I hope
There can be no such danger, in the Pope,

Act. I. Scen. 5.

Enter *Henry, & Comrade.*

Hen. I wonder *Comrade*, what th' effect will be.

Con. Had I but had my wish, it never should
Have come to this.

Hen. You see th' *Italian Princes*
Receive us Nobly, take no notice, *Comrade*,
At all, of th' Execration.

Con. I have that
Within my breast, cannot abide there long:
It swells to fast.

Hen. Prethee declare what is it?

Con. Will you swear secrecy, and courage then?

Hen. I dare to you.

Con. You shall be Emperour,
My Father dotes.

Hen. We will divide this Honor.

Con. I'll ask no more, and----- They come.

Enter *Pope, Victor, Cardinals, Sophrona,*
Matilda, Ladies, Attendants.

Hen. Let us stand here, this is the privatest.

Po. Let him b' admitted with his Royal Haber,
And order that a Banquet be prepar'd
Without delay.

Con. That's better then his blessing.

Po. You see now Ladies, how my full desires
Do well concur with yours in act of grace.

Soph. Thanks to your Holyness we find it so.

Mat. It well becomes, Sir, your Paternal Bowels.

Po. Your Honour, 'with the Emperours Pietie)
Dorth stand engag'd, *Matilda*, to secure
The just performance of what's offered.

Mat. VVhat'ere is mine, Sir, may it be thought worthy,
I'll freely stake to have your will fullfil'd.

Po. I know thou'rt Noble, if thou fancy'st *Rome*
Command our Court.

Hen. This is exact Love-talk. *aside.*

Con. In my heart the old fellow will prove wanton,

Enter

Enter Emperour, Card. Banquet.

Emp. I must perforce awhile dissemble it *aside,*
Thanks Holy Father. *kneels*

Con. This is brave submission. *aside,*

Po. You have our Absolution, and our Love.

Card. Heaven prosper, and continue these embraces!

Po. Let us refresh our selves ! Fall to, *Masilda,*

Musick plays and they sing within.

A Song.

Your Civil jarrs

Are the worst Warrs :

But now such dangers cease :

Those Mortal Gods,

That were at odds,

Conclude an happie Peace.

Cho. *It is most pleasant Harmonie,*

When Crown and Mitre do agree.

We all then fear

Sad darkness near,

When Heaven's Two great Lights fight :

Whil' st Prince and Pope

Clash ; there's no hope,

But the worlds fatal night.

Cho. *But 'tis most pleasant Harmonie,*

When Crown and Mitre do agree.

Hen. I see the Cardinals Caps are good for somewhat.

Con. They hold almost a Charger full of March-paines. *aside*

Emp. Your Bounry hath oblig'd us , Sir.

Po. Accept it.

Now our next buisness, is to confirm all

Before the Sacred Alter. *All.* We attend you. *Exeunt,*

Hen. The face of things, methinks, seemes but untowardly,

I do not like it, *Conrade,* Peace can never

Sute with the nature, and complexion

Of our designes, our sport must be in Tempests.

Con. I warrant you , rather then baulk the action,

If we find discords slow, we'l make a faction.

Finis Act. Tertii.

All.

Act. 4. Scen. 1.

Enter *Brazilius*, *Jocoso*, as on a Stage.

Joc. Now Master thier's hopes of a Trade agen,
Things sadge so well at *Rome*.

Bra. We shall anon
Have company.

Joc. I find the Market mends.
The Clowns begin to draw their Cat-string Purfes,
And call so boldly for a Pot for *Joane*.

Bra. They droop'd but now, I saw, most heavily,
With their Chops leaning on their Staves, a listning,
And enquiring of every one they met,
Whether they thought this War would cause a Land Tax.

Joc. But now they are as brisk.

Bra. We'l try their Pockets.

Joc. 'Tis never well but when the Glove goes, Master.

Bra. The Empress will I hear honour our sport.

Joc. Me leap out of my skin, and in agen.

Bra. I strange they tarry.

Joc. Pox on't nothing, but

'Two bawling fellows on a Ladder yonder,
Detain 'um: now they come.

Enter a mixt company.

1. *Wo.* Yonder he is. 2. *Wo.* Look, *Jack* shall see him.

3. *Wo.* Poor Knave, what ailes He?

2. *Wo.* Alas woman he hath had an Ague this six weeks.

They say this Monster-banke knowes what's good for's.

Bra. Gentlemen, By the help of a Divine hand, I can Cure all those
Distempers, mentioned in your Paper, I need not name them. Only I am
to tell you, amongst the rest, there is a Rare Jesuitical Powder, made of
the skin of the Serpent the Devil possess'd, when he seduced Eve. That out-
wardly applyed, will charm away any Ague, be it Tertian, Quartan, or
Quotidian:

2. *Wo.* I am glad of that.

Bra. I purchas'd it by my Intimacy at *Rome*, the Great-great-grand-
mother of all Antiquity. No one else hath it.

Let's see *Jocoso*. *Joc.* Master mind me

Jocoso gives him
his things.

Bra. The price of all my things.

Joc. Master my things!

Bra. The price of all my things, with the Directory how to use them, is
Three Shillings. *Joc.* Master!

Bra. But because my time is not long with you, I shall in love give you
six pence. *Joc.* Master, my things!

Bra

Bra. So that you shall have all mine, and *Jocoso's* for three shillings in the whole. *Joc.* Gentlemen your Gloves.

With my Balls you may scrub up old Cloathes and Faces, and make them look like new.

1. *Wo.* Give me the whole parcel. 2. *Wo.* And me. 3. And me.

Joc. My Balls help a wench to a husband quickly. *They throw up.*
The take away all scurff, scabs and wrinckles, *their Gloves.*
redness, freckles, pimples, or any unhandsonness in the flesh.

Bra. Gentlemen, if any of you be rich enough for the Gent, you must know I wrought an incomparable Cure of this lately, in Italy, on the Popes great Toe.

Enter a Drunken-man reeling amongst them.

Wo. What's the matter?

Drunk. What a pox do all these Fooles harkning to a couple of Knaves? *Joc.* You make a gleak of us Gaffer.

Drunk. Are you minded to have your po. po. Pockets pickt?

Joc. You'r an old Rogue.

Bra. Friend, about your buisness.

Drunk. Kifs my Bumme.

Joc. Were I a little nearer, my foot should sweetly.

Wo. Mind him not pray, He's Drunk, Sir.

Drunk. Kifs my Bumme! *Joc.* I'de drum a march on't.

Drunk. Kifs my Bu, Bu, Bumme!

Wo. Good now be quiet.

Exit with Wo.

Bra. Were not this fellow drunk now, Gentlemen,
I'de make him a sad example, we come not
Here, Sirs, without leave from the Emperour.
And a full License from his Holiness.

Dispatch *Jocoso.*

Exit Bra.

Enter on the Stage an old Woman holding her Teeth.

Joc. I have done! Here com's an object of Charity.

Wo. Pray Sir! *Joc.* Set down good woman.

Joc. Which Tooth is it? She hath but that. *looks in her mouth.*

Wo. 'Tis Ha, Hallow Sir. *Joc.* It makes your breath stinck.

'Tis done. *Wo.* I find ease.

holds his Nose.

Joc. You have eas'd nature I think.

Wo. *smells the tooth.*

What must you have. *Joc.* I have enough alreadie. *Wo.* Pray Sir speak!

Joc. Don't drop Curt'sies so, for fear your Curt'sies drop.

Wo. I'de willingly content you. *Joc.* Good goodwife-house-of-Office do not follow me, so! *Wo.* You must speak in my ear, Sir.

Joc. Oh hell! must I come so near her. I'de have nothing Gammer!

Wo.

Wo. Thank you, Sir, I am deaf.

Jos. Pox on her, she hath neither eares, nor nose.

All. Ha, ha, ha.

Jos. This goes now 'mongst my Regiment of Teeth.

Each one (like those, I read, which *Cadmus* sow'd,

May prove a Man of reputation.

Do you not here, Sir, read a learned Artist,

As well, as in those sixteen stragling Letters

He brought to Greece? And now kind Gentlemen

Be pleas'd to walk in, (Hang me if I lye)

You shall see wonders of Activity.

*[pulls his cloath
out & shews it.*

Ex, Omnes.

Act. 4. Scen. 2.

Enter Emperor, Prudentio, Honorio, Junio;

To them Henry, Comrade.

Jun. For you we had design'd our lives and fortunes.

Ho. This is an everlasting Infamie,

Sir, to your Royal Empire.

Jun. He's a Lecher.

A murderer, and by lewd practises

Set on the Papacie.

Emp. Had my dull Braine,

From your first kindness apprehended you,

This nere had bin.

Prn. In you were all our hopes,

Whom we esteem'd the Patron of all Justice,

The Alter and sole Bulwark of the Lawes

Ho. We valu'd not his Excommunication.

Emp. Those civil discords of the German Prinsce

Forc'd me to get this off, on such conditions,

Hell's Torment's nothing to 'um. I must stand

To the Popes Judgment; Answer mine accusers:

If guilty, quietly resign my Crowns,

In the mean time, live privately: release

My Subjects from their Loyaltie, and Oath.

And which is worst, never attempt revenge.

Jun. But that good manners here constrain'd a patience

I had not heard you half out, 'twas such pain.

Prn. He strives in all this but t' enslave you to him.

Ho. And works his pleasure on you, thus disarm'd.

Jun. We'r Idle still.

Emp. Our Swords shall cut this League.

D

Prn.

Pro. The Soul can be oblig'd to nothing, but
What's free, and voluntary.

Enter to them *Henry, Conrade.*

Hen. Sir, we hear
Otho Rebels, and with a num'rous Army
Bids you defiance. *Con.* Aided with *Rodolphus.*

Emp. More Mischief ! Your assistance Gentlemen.

All. 'Tis ready, Sir, most willingly. *Hen. & Con.* And ours.

Emp. First we'll secure Home, next succeeds thy doome,
Thy doome, Proud Metropolitan of *Rome.* *Exeunt.*

Act. 4. Scen. 3.

Enter *Matilda, Ladies.*

Mat. Prepare all things in order for the Bath.

I hope by this your perfect in your Task.

1 *Lad.* VVe are, Dear Madam, 2. And are happy in 'um.

Mat. Observe your charge, I follow. *All.* We obey. *Ex. Ladies*

Mat. 'Tis fine ! the whole world is at my command.

Although I cannot bear the name of Pope,

I have the power fully, under him.

This Duke, that Cardinal, this Lord, that Abbot,

Are all my Creatures, owe me sute and service.

All the Revenues of Rome's Mother-Church

Are scarce enough now, to maintain a Mistress.

A Lady well drest, like a *Person* Madam

VVares sev'ral cities on her ; so must I.

The *Peter Pence* will find me *Pins* and *Laces.*

And ———

Enter *Pope.*

Pope What alone, at thy private contemplations ?

Let none confess thee but my self, *Matilda.*

Mat. Sir, you best know my secret passions.

Po. I doe, and can best pardon 'um. *Ma.* Your Cardinals.

I must retire till anon.

Exit Matilda.

Pope. Your buisness.

Vill. Sir, Th' Emperour is started from his Cov'nant

Already, and with th' *Italian Nobles*

Conspire your ruine.

Pope. Most unheard of fallhood !

We must bestir us to be ready for 'um.

Here now I want my good old Friend *Braznus.*

Can't we put confidence in *Alter-vowes* ?

Nay ; If once such Assurances be crost

As These ; I'll burn the consecrated Host.

Exeunt.

Act. 4. Scen. 4.

Enter *Otho, Frederick, Rodolphus.*

Otho. Sirs, Now, now, let's behave our selves like men!

The stat's the German Empire, and we'll share it,
Amongst us three : we'll share it equallie.

Enter Above *Emp. Hen. Con. Hd. Pru. Jun.*

Emp. Will you yeild Traytors?

Otho. If yo' have valour for it.

Emp. Ye shall have mercy. *Ro.* Dandle Fools and Children.

Fred. Kingdoms are more worth then to part with so.

All. Force the doores open, Sirs.

We have free entrance. Enter above *Magnus.*

Mag. *Magnus* is poyson'd *Otho*, and his Ghost
Comes to revenge his Death. *Otho.* Villain, I am cheared.

Fred. We are betray'd!

A noise within, they run, they run, they run.

Ro. They come like lightning on us!

Enter *Hen. Con. Mag.* beating *Otho, Fred.*

Rodolp. off the Stage,

Ex. fighting.

Otho. Stand to't *Rodolphus.* *All.* Now

Enter *Junio*, and *Honorio*, with their Swords drawn.

Jun. Pox on't! they fled, fore I had half my fill.

Such wars as these starve a good stomach! Sword

Ho. They had good Heels. The Emperour's safe I see.

Enter *Emp.* embracing *Prudentio.*

Emp. *Prudentio* Thanks! Thanks to you Noble Sirs!

To you we owe this conquest.

Hon. To your Courage.

Pru. And VVisdom, Sir, we must ascribe this Honour.

Jun. Pox! 'Twas a skirmish not worth talking of.

Enter *Magnus, Henry, Conrade.*

Emp. *Magnus*!

Mag. The Three-Head-Traytors have their due deserts,

Rodolphus, Sir, and *Frederick* are slain

By the these your Noble Sons.

Emp. VVas this your Act, My Boyes?

Jun. Faith five Beginnings, Hah, *Honorio.* *Ho.* True.

Hon. Thanks to good Fortune, Sir.

Pru. They're modest too.

Emp. Now Gentlemen, your swords have carv'd your way

To a most free, and well-deserved welcome,

To what 'ere *Germany* affords,

All. All thanks.

Emp. I long almost to see *Aurelia*.

Mag. She'll not a little triumph at this news.

Emp. Mag. Do you conduct the Empress to us.

Mag. Sir, I obey.

Emp. Let's go. *All.* We all attend. *Exeunt.*

Manet Henry, Conrade.

Hen. Ill luck, the old man scap'd so, were He dead
We'd never talk of Primogeniture.

But be sworn Collegues in the Empire, *Conrade.*

Con. Here we were forc'd to fight, to help to save him,
We, and our hopes else had been lost for ever,
But now there is an other Warre behind,
May order all things, *Harris*, to our mind.

ACT. 4. SCEN. 5.

Enter Aurelia, Sylvia, Attendants

Syl. Are you resolv'd to Antidate his death,
And weep his Dirge, before hand, Madam?

Aur. I saw him murder'd in my dream last night,
And felt the sword that did it, *Sylvia*!

Syl. These be but idle Fancies; He's alive!

Aur. He's run through (here I bleed) He's run through here!

Enter A Messenger.

(*Strikes her breast.*)

Syl. A Messenger! what News!

Mess. Where's the Princess?

Madam!

Aur. I have but a few minutes now!

Mess. Your Royal Father hath the Victory.

Aur. How would I fain know, what I fear to know!

Mess. Madam! The Empress with the two young Princes
Are safe returned.

Aur. Still Impertinent!

Mess. And ———

Aur. Now it comes! quick rid me out of pain.
Speak, how doth *Magnus*? *Mess.* They are all at hand.

Syl. He knows not *Magnus*, Madam! Now they come.

Enter Emp. Sophrona, Magnus, Prudentio, Honorio,

Junio.

Aur. And now I see him *Sylvia*, or his Ghost.
Your Royal Blessings both!

Emp.

Emp. The Heavens preserve
My Dear *Aurelia*.

*They all salute
the Princess.*

Soph. How do'st, my Child?

Anr. Thanks Royal Mother: How is't *Magnus*?

Prin. Sir, you much Honour us to shew such Treasure.

*They talk
together.*

Hen. Is not she tempting, *Junio*?

Jun. In her Sex.

You know I mind no face but what's in Breeches,

And so may make a fit Companion,

For *Mars*, or *Bachus*, Fighting, boy, or Drinking.

Emp. Sirs, you shall tast our Liquor, and accept
A large Heart, with a slender Entertainment.

All. Oh Sir, you all oblige us by your kindness.

Mag. 'Twas to do somewhat that can ne're be done.

Exeunt.

'Twas to do somewhat to deserve *Aurelia*

And next you, to Revenge that Treacherie

I alwaies hated.

Exit Magnus.

Anr. You were ever Noble

Syl. *Magnus* is dead! don't he affright you Madam?

Anr. Surely thou art some Sybil, *Sylvia*.

Enter Hen. Conrade

My Brothers! Brothers! *Bo.* Lives *Aurelia*?

And *Sylvia* too?

Syl. Welcome sweet Princes! *Anr.* VVhat,

You kil'd *Rodolphus*, and You *Frederick*,

Hen. And *Magnus*, *Orbo*. Now she blushes *Conrade*.

Anr. 'Tis but your Fancy.

Con. VVe must not delay.

They will but just recruit, and then for Rome.

Come Sister.

Ex. Hen. Conrade.

Anr. VVe will follow. *Sylvia*!

Compose thy self for Mirth, Girl!

Syl. I do, Madam,

And am prepar'd to frolick, any how

You shall Command.

Anr. The Heavens n're smil'd, till now.

Finis Act. Quinqu.

Exeunt.

Act. 5. Scen. 1.

Enter. *Emperour, Prudentio, Honorio, Junio, Henry, Conrade.*

Emp. *Mauida!* what means this? Read Gentlemen. *He reads*
I am the Privy-Council of his breast
(*She writes*) Beware *Braximus!* I live yet,
Free from all poyson, don't I? Well *Mauida,*
Shall not repent this kindness.

Pru. This is he
Poyson'd Seven Popes to make use of this.

Ho. Lives here *Braximus?*

Pru. And his Man *Jocoso.*

Jun. Beggarly Urchin! He'll kill any one,
For a Pot, Ten-groats, and the dead corps in,
To make some *Mumma* for th' Apothecaries.

Emp. Were they for this, thus long allow'd our Court?

Hen. Sir, This was he, that should have poyson'd *Magnus.*

Emp. To you we leave th' inspection of this business
Together *Henry,* with the government.

Hen. I shall be Just, Sir, May you safe return!

Con. Be mindful of your promise *Hal.*

Hen. Fear nothing,

Emp. *Conrade* goes.

Pru. We shall miss his Valour else.

Con. Thanks for your Noble thoughts *Prudentio.*

Jun. Would we could flie *Honorio* to the wars
On some swift-whinged Horses.

Ho. Oh brave *Junius!*

Mauid Henry.

Hen. Farewel! From this time shall my *Raign* take date,
Will *Magnus* second now, this pleasing Fate.

Act. 5. Scen. 2.

Enter *Magnus, Aurelia, Sylvia.*

Aur. I fear'd thee *Magnus!* *Magnus.* I did.

Mag. Dear Madam!

You that had got such Interest in my heart,
Methinks should know what's in't. Ther's truth written,
Not in dull Characters, but large, and lasting.

Aur.

Aur. Enough !

Syl. Hymen cannot be wanting long.
(*Madam*) That blush did well become a Lady,
That must anon be chafly ravished.

Aur. *Sylvia*, you talk. The Empress.

Enter *Sophrona*.

Soph. Noble *Magnus* !

Mag. Madam, was not your Journey tedious.

Soph. 'Twas.

And now return'd we must confess, to you
We owe our selves and Kingdoms, and that ease
They do afford.

Aur. Didst hear that *Sylvia* ?

Mag. This Honour justly appertains
To th' Emperour, and Your Heroick sons.
Pray do'um Justice.

Soph. Courage never brags.

Harrie how is't.

Enter *Henry*

Hen. I left 'um well, and merry.

Magnus a word or two with you, in secrete.

They whisper.

Aur. What's become of *Matilda*, Royal Mocher ?

' That I was thus forgetful, not to ask
Till now.

Soph. She's grown obsequious to the Pope,
And wants for nothing.

Aur. Oh me ! I thought him
Still past a woman, by the Papian Law.

Syl. She talk'd indeed at first Amorously
Of the old Man.

Soph. You say right *Sylvia*.

Hen. *Aurelia*'s wife, chaste, fair.

Mag. I know all this,

And yet I'll wedd my grave, first

Hen. Farewel then.

Ex, Magnus.

Avoid the Court upon my high Displeasure

Ex, Henry.

Soph. They'r mov'd !

Syl. What means all this ?

Soph. I et us enquire.

Exit T.

Aur. My Joyes are Dasht still, as they do begin

The Sun but just appear'd, and is clapt in.

Act, 5. Scen. 3.

Enter *Matilda*, and Ladies, Attendants.

Mat. And let him flye ! My pompe will be the same.
(My hopes are built upon undoubted grounds.)

Victor will be as good as *Gregoris*.

Command the Card'nals to recieve my pleasure.

Attend. We shall

Ex. Attend.

Mat. How like you Sirs, my Drefs to day ?

Lad. As it becomes the Empress of the world.

Mat. I know no reason for the Salique Law,

But that a woman may be fit to govern,

Or why do Poets talk of *Juno Pallas*.

Place pow'r and wisdom in the Female Gender ?

Had not dame Nature cut us out to Rule,

She never would have giv'n us such desires,

We'l give men leave to think we think them wise,

But yet we know our strength : all States, and Persons,

(Act we discreetly) may be conquered

By our well manag'd favours.

Without. The day's our own

Enter *Emp. Prudentio*, *Hon. Jun.* Souldiers.

Emp. Secure all there.

Mat. The buisness is effected.

Jun. They can't be hir'd to turn agen: (Hare-like)
One Run a Post down, with his eies behind.

Soul. Make room-there, stand back *Hon.* The Cardinals.

Enter Cardinals.

Mat. Great Sir ! thus low accept my Loyalty.

Emp. *Matilda*, rise, we have sufficient proof of't.
Fathful, and politrick were thy designs,
To which we owe this bloudless victory.

How may we now requite this love ?

Mat. Our selves and service, Sirs, must be our Princes :
Pure from all Mercenarie purposes.

Emp. True. Yet *Matilda* we must not discourage
Our Subjects duties with Ingratitude.

Mat. Then please me, Sir, in pleasuring your self,
In the Election of a *Worthy Pope*.

Victor's demeanours speak him such.

Pru. We never
Sle heard the contrary.

Emp.

Emp. I do approve him.

Vill. Thanks mighty Prince!

*Villor and Matilda
talk together.*

All. God save Pope *Villor* the third.

Emp. *Hildebrand's* Name did Anagramatize
His Nature, (*I HEL-BRANDD*) and so he was.

Ho. He was indeed the Worlds Incendiarie.

Emp. A Legion Rebel, (in a wicked Pope)
Must be a Complication of Traytors.

Prin. He makes a thousand hardy-Regicides
With Pardons in their Pockets, and hopes of
Immediate access into Paradise:
With a fair promise to be Canoniz'd.

Jun. And then Men run on in their villainies
As eagerly as e're the Pope run from us.
Pox on him! now the wars are done, and now
We may make Mustard with our Cannon-bullets,
And stick our Swords up to hang Scare-crows on.

Vill. Will It please Caesar now to grace our Court.

Emp. Thanks to Your Holyness. Come kind *Matilda*,
Come Gentlemen, you shall participate.

Prin. We shall attend.

All. God save *Caesar* and Pope *Villor*!

exitunt.

Act, 5. Scen. 4.

Enter *Conrade*, Souldiers

*He looks on a
Letter.*

Con. My Revenge cannot stay the old mans pace.
I look'd for all the Empire, half, was promis'd:
And now he writes, I must submissively
Yield to the Portion, of a Younger Brother:
And wait the leisure of the Destinies,
Or never be admitted to his Court.
Souldiers! rest confident in my Rewards!
And let them highly animate your courage!
I will not make a meal, nor close mine eyes,
Until I'me Emperour of Germany.

Enter a *Messenger*.

What are you? Come, for Reconciliation?

Mess. I come to tell you, Sir, Your Fathers dead.

Con. Dead!

Mess. He no sooner heard your Brothers aime,
(But He reply'd) 'twas time he was Extinguish'd,
Finding that short life, he had yet behind

E

Eurnt

Burnt like a snuff, so noysome to his issue,
His own Son *Henry* ! And with that, he sunk.

Con. Is he quite dead ?

Mess. Dead. *Con.* Ther's one left Remov'd.

A shout within.

They Come, let us prepare.

Enter Magnus and Soldiers.

Mag. Brave *Comrade*, yeild !

Con. How like a flattering Parrot, the Foole talks !
Brave *Comrade* !

Mag. 'Tis your Elder Brothers Right.

Con. Pox on't ! Can High and Noble Spirits, bent
For a Kingdom, stand to tell first, and Second ?
Fight, Fight ! I'll quickly make a younger Brother
Of thee *Magnus*.

*They all fight, Conrad's Soldiers are beaten off
the Stage, Magnus kills Conrad.*

Mag. There was no way but death.

Enter Soldiers.

Soul. We have the Conquest, Sir, they are quite Routed.

Mag. Conveigh this Corps to Solemn Funeral,
We cannot but Lament Bold *Conrad's* Fall.

ACT. 5. Scen. 5.

*Enter Officers with Brazenns, Jeroso, and a mixt
Company.*

1. *Off.* Along, Along !

Braz. What are we apprehended for ?

1. *Off.* The Emperour will tell you.

2. *Off.* Come along.

Jac. So I can, you Hunger-Starved-Hound
Without your Haling.

1. *Wo.* They are very cheats.

3. *Wo.* They mump'd poor Bessie.

2. *Wo.* Their things w'ant worth a Farthing.

All. Hang 'um, hang 'um they do but gull the Country.

Braz. This dajes work shall cost you dear.

1. *Off.* 'Tmay cost your life.

Braz. I had a License from His Royal Father :
Nor will the Princess thank you for this rudeness.

1. *Off.* W'hav order never fear't for what we do.

Braz

Braz. Y'have spoyl'd a Chymistrie cost (God kowes what)

Joc. Y'have brain'd the Gallipots, ye Rogues! the stuff

Runs out, shall cost you sauce, I warrant you.

2. *Off.* Come, come; a Halter will soon spoil your rayling.

Joc. You may deserve it first.

All. Hang'um quick, Hang'um

Off. Peace, The Emperour.

Enter *Hen.* Embracing *Magnus*, Attendants.

Wo. Take heed you be'nt in the old womans pickle,

By and by, Sirrah. *Joc.* Go you Bob-tail'd Whores.

Wo. You whore-son Arse-gut! *All.* Ha, ha, ha.

Ex. Women

Off. Peace the Emperour

& company.

Hen. *Magnus*, I am oblig'd. —

Off. Sir, here's the Pris'ner.

Hen. *Brazilius*! you endeavoured to poyson
Our Royal Father.

Braz. Sir, I'm ignorant.

Hen. If you conceal't I shall the rather think it.

Mag. Perhaps, *Matilda* might not send the Letter,

Pope *Gregorie* intended for this purpose.

Hen. Confess all or else you dye.

Joc. I n'ere, Sir, murder'd any in my life.

Braz. The old Woman. (I hate lying)

Joc. I did but fain that, Sir, to get his service.

Hen. How now *Brazilius*?

Braz. Sir, this is but malice.

Mag. If clear in this yet they may both be faulty.

Hen. Declare *Brazilius* what you're commited,
And on a Princes word, you shall have mercy.

(For your sake *Magnus* and *Anrelia's*.)

Braz. If I am guilty, Sir, of this I'm tax'd of,

May I for ever be debarr'd your bounty.

Hen. Speak all you know, or ever did, *Jocoso*.

If you'r found in a tittle fals, you dye.

Joc. I never murder'd any but my Mother,

Which Nature had almost done to my Hand.

Besides it was my Elder Brothers doings.

She liv'd so long He thought she was Immortal.

His mind was once, to try whether she'd drown:

But I was forc'd at last to doe her work

For a mean Fee; I might have starv'd else, Sir.

Your mercy, Sir, your mercy!

Hen. Horrid Villain!

Mag. But that your word joyn'd with the jubilee
Of your first Raign, pleads somewhat, Sir, for life,
There could be no escaping of the Gallows :
However pray think on some punishment
That may be next to it.

Hen. Friends, hear your sentence.

Brazinus! You Equivocated with us,
More then *Jocoso* in your flie confession.
(Who poyson'd a Sepinary of Popes!
Both shall live in perpetual Prisonment :
look to them Officers, and see that daylie
A hard allowance, mind them of their faults.

Off. Sir We obey.

1. 'Tis well yee scape so

2. *Off.* Come my Friend, *Jocoso*.

*Exit Officers
with Bra. & Jocoso.*

Joc. Pox on your Friendship, would we n'ere had met!

How Intimate I must be now with Hell!

Braz. The best on't is, old age, ill-us'd
Can't suffer me, to be Tenant to a Prison long!

Hen. Magnus! what're the German Empire now
Rightly descended to me, will afford,
Command it freely.

Mag. May Heaven prosper *Caesar!*

The Embrace.

Enter *Aurelia*, *Sylvia*.

Aur. Look yonder *Sylvia*.

Syl. I like this well,

Aur. Must *Magnus* now be Banish'd?

Hen. Sweet *Aurelia!*

I can as soon be banish'd from my self.

(Give me leave Sister) You will have a man,

Made up of Love, of Justice, and of Honour.

I might have call'd these Virtues into question,

Had he yeilded to me in hindering

My Fathers Return, to his Empire : which

None but the Fates prevented.

All. Heaven Bless *Caesar!*

Mag. Next we must Palliate *Sophronus* greif.

Hen. That must be *Magnus* in your Nuptials.

Great Duke of Saxony! accept your Dutche's,

Accept of your *Aurelia!*

Aur. I flye to Him.

Syl.

(35)

Syl. Blest pair, may yours no more prove *April-joyes!*

Mag. We prize things most got through a world of Crosses.

Hen. When those are quite blown over : and now may

You (like the City *Alexandria*)

Enjoy a constant Sun-shine ev'ry day !

Exeunt Omnes.

FINIS.

(32)

My dear friend may you no more prove April-joker!
Ours. We prize things most got through a world of Croaker.
I am. When those are quite blown over: and now may
You (like the City of Alexandria)
Enjoy a constant sea-breeze every day!

Excuse Ours,

FINIS.

EPICOLUE.

*I am to tell you (Gentlemen!) The Play
Cæsar's sad Tragædie, you saw to day.
Should any Momus crie, it can't be true.
A man Religious, and a Rebel, too.
Carp at the Title first, and next the Plot,
And then the Sence, the Language, and what not!
Condemn this Poyson, this Lust, and that Treason,
And swear, our Pilgrim-Prince can't stand to reason;
(But as a Vulgar Error straight must be
Damn'd with the Belisarian Povertie.)*

*Our Poet doth confess, and 'tis His glory,
He plaid the Theif, he saith, and stole the Story
From men of Trust, who write, the thing was so,
Acted about Six Hundred years agoe.*

*But yet all this won't do He understands,
Nothing will pass for good, without your Hands.*

*For which great favour, (she who did express
Her self so handsome to his Holiness.)*

*---Witty Matilda pleads; and 'tis hard hap,
If such a freindly Girle don't get a clap.*

EPIC OLIVE.

I am to tell you (Gentlemen!) The Play
 Caesar's sad Tragedie, you saw to day.
 Should any Mourner cry, it can't be true.
 A wise Religion, and a Rebel, too.
 Corp at the Table first, and next the Plot,
 And then the Scene, the Language, and what not!
 Condemn this Poem, this Lust, and that Treason,
 And spare our Pilgrim-Pince can't stand to reason;
 (But as a vulgar Person might say
 Damn'd with the Bellman's Power.)
 Our Poet holds confess, and his His glory,
 He paid the Thief, he said, and stole the story
 From men of Trade, who write, the thing was so.
 Alas about six hundred years ago.
 But yet all this won't do He understands,
 Nothing will pass for good without your Hands.
 For which great favour, (he who did express
 His self so handsome in his Holiness.)
 -- My Matilda pleads; and 'tis hard hap;
 If such a friendly Circle don't get a chap.

